



EXCLUSIVELY YOURS

By BETTY BEALE

New Frontier VIPS Dress For Gay Post-Inaugural Ball

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Star Staff Writer

Whatever out-of-towners thought of the Inaugural Balls—and every four years one sort of hates to ask—the post-inaugural Ball was one howling success!

When the Walter Ridders decided to toss a young one as a final inaugural thing for the influx of visitors they had met on the campaign trail, their local intimates protested that they would be stretcher cases come the night of January 21.

But, of course, the protests meant nothing even to the protestants. Recipients of invitations knew perfectly well that nobody in his right mind ever misses what is obviously going to be a knockout party, even if he has been up till 4 a.m. for two or three nights running.

Moreover, the request on the invitation to "come dressed for the New Frontier" was a challenge Democrats couldn't resist.

AS A RESULT THE RIDDER'S MCLEAN HOUSE on the wooded banks of the Potomac was seething with New Frontier types—appointees, braintrusts, press and pro-Kennedy socialites—from 10 p.m. until 6 o'clock Sunday morning!

Pauses or breaks between numbers only. David Platt's Orchestra seared the air with its world trumpeting until 5:30 a.m. Huge chunks of cold lobster and skewers of hot shishkebab kept emanating along with the champagne and long drinks from the enclosed tent off the dining room where cabaret tables were set up. The big tent off the living room or temporary ballroom accommodated more tables and another bar. And champagne was also flowing in the library.

And milling, chatting, sipping or dancing in these rooms were some of the best known faces in the Democratic Party.

Here's a butterfly's view showing how you should dress for the New Frontier:

Moving Ambassador Averell Harriman proving how loving he plans to be in a colored vest from one country, baggy knee breeches and high boots from lower Russia, I think, and a jacket with a Baltic flavor. . . . Marie Harriman in huge, strange goggles and some kind of printed coverall with tapered pants, all set for outer space. (She won a prize for originality.)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S CHOICE FOR AMBASSADOR TO INDIA, Dr. Kenneth Galbraith, towering braintruster and economist, with his 6-foot-7 frame draped in kilts, meaning good old Scottish economy, no doubt.

Ambassador Adlai Stevenson dressed in his new U. N. uniform—i.e., black tie—having a twirl on the dance floor.

New Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Stuart Udall whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears as they danced. He was in business suit, as was Undersecretary of State George Ball, who described his as "working clothes for the New Frontier."

Mrs. David Bruce in tapered pants, open-necked brown shirtwaist and big conkskin cap as a representative of the frontier, old or new.

Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee as a "Texas egg-head" in a 10-gallon hat, cowboy boots and the academic hood of a university degree around his neck. "From Austin to Boston," he explained, echoing Lyndon Johnson's favorite campaign line.

Senator and Mrs. Eugene McCarthy as our frontier States—the Senator in an Alaskan fur jacket; his wife in a muumuu with leis of Hawaiian orchids around her neck.

THE NEW FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATOR,

Najeeb Halaby, in a Hollywood-type suit-spats, striped vest, gold watch chain across chest—portraying Sinatra, no doubt. . . . Douglas Cater in a Russian shirt and fur hat with a sign on his back. "Never fear to negotiate." His wife entirely hidden under a floor-length Arab veil with "Uncommitted" written on her back.

Marya Manhes playing herself. . . . Scottie Lanahan with ribbon-tied braids as a "teen-age double jumper" so famous in the Kennedy campaign. . . . Ray Evans disguised under a beatnik blond wig as a member of the "rat pack."

Harry Woford in a Confederate uniform, representing civil rights, which was his baby in the Kennedy campaign. . . . Luvie Pearson with a gold drain on her head and gold coins in her purse representing the gold depletion. Husband Drew dressed

like the proverbial Irishman, entirely in green from high hat on down.

THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST COSTUME of the "New Frontier" going to investment counselor George Baker, who was dressed in an authentic cardinal's hat and red robe.

Oatsey Leiter in black leopard with white ruff around her neck and one slender gam sheathed in a black net stocking, the other in white, portraying "Intelligence."

John Snow, deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency, completely disguised as Castro from uniform and black beard to authentic Czech rifle, which only an intelligence chief would think of. No one could recognize him.

Mary Russell and Nan McEvoy, who, together with Lissy Rowe, read 40,000 pieces of mail addressed to Jacqueline Kennedy between election and inauguration, each arrived carrying four infant dolls. They were "population explosion."

Tish Baldrige was "Everything's Coming Up Roses" in a short evening dress covered with the flowers. . . . Marietta Tree was beautiful as "peace" in a Grecian-style white draped gown, olive leaves around her blond locks, an olive branch in her hand and a white dove on her shoulder.

Senator "Scoop" Jackson wore an Uncle Sam cap. . . . Ed Morgan as "depressed areas," with a flat tire over his shoulder.

AND THERE WERE ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Kennedy braintruster, who stayed until 5:30 a.m.; Representative Bill Hull of Missouri who asked the orchestra to play "St. Louis Blues" and remarked to another Missourian, Cleo Crouch, "It ought to be the national anthem;" Bill Blair squiring the very beautiful young Deeda Gerlach, who is not an actress or model as erroneously described, but a charming heiress from Chicago; Senator and Mrs. Frank Church, Frank in a Nigerian cap as "Africa which is the New Frontier," saying, "No party could have topped the inaugural off better than this one;" and Mr. and Mrs. Ridder, for whom the party was especially given. He is the publisher of the Long Beach (Calif.) Press Telegram, which was the only newspaper in the Ridder chain that came out for Mr. Kennedy.